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mutually exclusive internally—is opposed to the ground idea of that which constitutes a State.

545. The State has finally the side of the immediate reality of a particular and naturally limited people. As particular individual its position towards *other* individuals of the same kind is *exclusive*. In their relation to each other arbitrariness and casuality find place, since the *universal* of the law, on account of the autonomic totality of these persons, is only an ideal between them, which *really* is not. This independence makes the strife between them a relation of force, a condition of war, for which the nobility determines itself to the special work of maintaining the independence of the State—*i. e.*, to bravery.

546. This condition shows the substance of the State in its individuality proceeding to abstract negativity, as the power in which the particular independence of the individuals and the condition of their submersion in the external existence of property and in the natural life is felt as a nullity, and which effects the maintenance of the universal substance through the sacrifice of this natural and particular existence, which occurs in the feeling of the same, through the bringing to naught of interfering trifles.

## THE HERO AS ARTIST.

BY GERTRUDE GARRIGUES.

“Man’s strength lies in resigned obedience to God.” In *resigned* obedience! This resignation which, in its essence, is the only escape from the bonds of necessity; which is, in fact, victory over necessity; and hence freedom is the content of the Christian religion, Christian philosophy, and Christian art. In it is involved the regeneration of man, that new-birth, which is in reality a life-long process from natural to spiritual life. The individual who, in his own person, attains this freedom, and who has the ability to, and does, either in his works or through his life, communicate the process, is a world benefactor, a world-great hero and he possesses an inalienable right to the worship of his fellow-man. In this sense we can point to many heroes of religion, and

to not a few heroes of philosophy; there is but one hero of art—**Michel Angelo**.

Like Goethe, Michel Angelo gave to the world a life which was a work of art. His mission among men was to exhibit, under sensuous forms, the only possible method by which "human will shall conquer fate." He lived to accomplish this victory himself, and his works are the biography of his soul. Each of these works has for its basis a universal thought, and it is by viewing them as a whole that we descry the hero in the man.

We have no desire, even were it possible in so small a space, to consider all his productions; it will suit our purpose better to divide them into groups, and to treat each group as in itself a totality, not depending upon, but developing into, the succeeding one. The first group includes the works of his youth, which are chiefly sculptures; of these the "Moses" is the most characteristic, as it is immeasurably the greatest example. It is true that this statue remained in his *atelier* for forty years, but its conception and modelling belonged to the period of his early vigor; the forty years merely finished and elaborated it. The most prominent members of the second group are the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and the Medician Tombs; to the third and last period belong "The Last Judgment" and the Dome of St. Peter's. This, as we hope to prove, is no mere formal classification arrived at by external analysis, but is rather a vital exposition of the process by which this great character developed.

Michel Angelo's was a thoroughly plastic nature. Art was his proper atmosphere, and he uttered himself in all its modes. Sculpture, painting, and architecture served him at his call; or, if either of these arts ever failed him, it was in his power, at every moment of his life, to pour the whole force of his fiery soul into verse. In his effort to attain personality, his spirit, in order to become completely reconciled with itself, made use of every form of art; but he was essentially a sculptor. His intense temperament led him to compress the whole cumulative force of an emotion into a single moment of time, and then to represent this moment. This is what gives such a sculpturesque appearance to his paintings. In them there is no slightest hint of progression; each particular work, and each part of each particular work, represents a single given phase of activity.

We all know how early the boy discovered his vocation ; how swift and unerring was his instinct to find, how tenacious his will to hold it. Friends and relatives used their every influence to make of him a merchant, a manufacturer, to turn him from his "idle whim ;" but the twelve-year-old lad knew better than they what was good for him—for, that it was good despite all the misery, the weary struggle of his life, who shall doubt? His own words have left us no room for question as to which he would have preferred—truth or repose.

"Were I but he! Born for like lingering pains,  
Against his exile coupled with his good  
I'd gladly change the world's best heritage!"\*

"He would be an artist; that was settled finally. A year later the generic choice was succeeded by the particular one ; he would be a sculptor, and a sculptor he was, and always remained, even when they forced the painter's brush and architect's compass between his unwilling fingers.

The first step planted upon the pathway toward fame, his onward journey was sure and swift. Obstacles disappeared before his arrogant and almost omnipotent will. His choice of a vocation was his first victory, his admission to the Gardens of San Marco and to the palace of the Medici the second. At six-and-twenty he willingly undertook a commission from which all other sculptors had shrunk ; he engaged to convert Florence's unwieldy block of marble into a statue, and the "David" was the result. At nine-and-twenty he eagerly sought a trial, on his own ground, with the foremost painter of his time, Leonardo da Vinci, and triumphed. But, in doing so, he laid a pitfall for his own feet. The cartoon of the "Battle of Pisa" established the possibility of his being great in fresco. The following year he was invited to Rome by Julius II.

And now the summit of his ambition was reached. Inflexible, and relying unflinchingly upon himself, he had gone resolutely onward until now he felt that fame—the recognition due to his greatness—lay within his grasp. We can imagine his overmastering exultation, his sense of power—for it was to himself alone that he owed his advancement—when the order for the Mausoleum

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\* From poem on Dante by Michel Angelo.

leum, a work of such extent and grandeur that it would serve to establish his reputation and perpetuate it forever, was placed in his hand. He at once set about fulfilling the commission. He drew all the plans and made some of the models; he even blocked out in marble several of the figures. To this period belong the conception and partial execution of the "Moses," and this figure of the sovereign prophet and law-giver was a fitting symbol of what was then in the artist's mind.

The statue of "Moses" is the absolute incarnation of unreflected *will*—personal force. There is something divine in this assumption of independent individuality; there is a reminiscence of the antique demigod in this marble! We have heard much of the wrath of Achilles, the petulant rage of the boy whose individuality has been invaded; we behold here the wrath of the man, quiet but deadly. His command—the command of Jehovah, with whom he, as chosen instrument, feels himself one—has been disobeyed; and, in the full reliance that *his* will is unquestionable, he thunders forth: "Put every man his sword by his side and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor."

We are told that the "Moses" was, of all his works, the one which gave Michel Angelo the greatest satisfaction; and we may well believe it, for it was probably the last entirely spontaneous one. It is the adequate reflection of the unconquerable will which was the master-key of his whole character, and, in its immediacy, its predominating youthful principle.

It is quite common to compare Michel Angelo with Raphael and Da Vinci, and, from the circumstances under which they entered art, deduce their subsequent development. There is much truth in this procedure; the circumstances among which a man is placed must have undoubted influence upon his life, his circumstances united to his temperament almost every influence. Raphael was an artist, a painter, by birth and education; painting with him was both an art and a trade; it expressed him, but never overmastered, never *drove* him. He could paint a "Transfiguration," in which his whole soul seemed fused and which should be the crowning effort of romantic plastic art, and at the same time employ and direct an army of workmen who, under his leadership,

produced masterpieces, but without him could produce only mere daubs. And all this with healthy, happy ease. Raphael's life was filled with the repose of unconsciousness ; there is no incident of his history, no slightest indication in his works, to show that he had ever been at war with himself ; there is no appearance anywhere of a collision with fate. He was a thoroughly happy man ; he "found his condition suited to his special character, will, and fancy, and so enjoyed himself in that condition."

Raphael's whole life corresponds to the first period of Michel Angelo's. It is true Raphael was born to his art, and Michel Angelo was obliged to force his way to his ; but, allowing for this and for the difference in their temperaments, their works exhibit the same spontaneity, the same self-identification with a pursuit—with this distinction : what is undeveloped will in Michel Angelo is heavenly sensibility in Raphael.

Da Vinci was negative from the beginning, and all the accessories of his life served to foster his proud rebellion. Rich, and admired from his birth, possessed of a commanding intellect, of which he was fully conscious, his tastes drew him with almost equal force toward both science and art. He was at all periods of his life irresolute, and utterly unable, with all his subtlety, to fathom his own wants. His doubting temper led him to discredit his own opinions and question his own success, no matter what pains he may have taken in forming the one or compassing the other. He was able from his position to despise alike the praise or blame of men, but even this fact was an additional element of discord. The artist's characteristic is dependence ; sympathy and recognition are necessities to him. Da Vinci all his life warred with, but was at the same time under the absolute dominion of, fate, and all his works of art display the fact ; they are all marked by a sad though brilliant restlessness. The "Cenacula," his masterpiece, and in many respects the greatest psychological picture ever painted, is the complete embodiment of unrest and disquiet. He took one step farther than Raphael, to his sorrow, for far better is it to remain forever unconscious than to be roused and not tranquillized ; to be roused to struggle but unable to conquer.

To the conflict that never ended for Da Vinci, Michel Angelo was about to be called. The time had come when he was to lose hold on reality and descend into the depths of his own soul ; the

discipline, by means of which his uncontrolled natural will was to be rendered subservient to a universal principle, was about to begin. In receiving the order for the Mausoleum, he was at the point of accomplishing his highest hopes; his particular independence was about to be realized, his free-will acknowledged. This is the point at which necessity always appears. Man must learn his finitude. In the full tide of success, in the moment of fruition, an insurmountable obstacle appears. With Michel Angelo it is the will of Pope Julius. His Mausoleum may wait. Instead, Michel Angelo may paint for him the Sistine Chapel. The artist resists, bitterly and fiercely; he is a sculptor, he cannot paint. But that is all nonsense; cannot paint? For what, then, was the cartoon at Florence prepared? He seeks to save himself by flight. In vain. Fate, in the person of Julius II, had issued its mandate: "Hitherto, and no farther." He was now himself to feel the force which he had deified; he was now to bow to a will as haughty and despotic, and, from its position, mightier than his own.

This was only the beginning of the end. Julius II was worthy to be the patron of Michel Angelo. He denied him his will, it is true, but he gave him glorious compensation. As much cannot be said of all of the line of popes whom Fate set successively to break the will of this masterful but noble soul. The employment of Michel Angelo, during four of the best years of his life, in the quarries of Carrara and Seravezza, is a stain upon the pontificate of Leo X which all its glory cannot cleanse away.

Michel Angelo had pursued his aim with a passionate and unswerving consistency. He had lived alone for his purpose. He desired to achieve fame for his own particular and personal satisfaction, with no thought of connecting his views or his aims with any universal sentiment. His independence was mere self-assertion, his freedom arbitrary. Such freedom is of a low and limited order, and, when it continues to exist, must necessarily develop into tyranny; for, that the one individual is entirely free to exercise his will in every particular instance presupposes the most abject slavery on the part of those who must be the ministers or the victims of his caprice. Such enormity is never suffered long. The eternal process of Spirit—call it necessity, or what we will—moves on, slowly perhaps, but inevitably, and the self-interest and self-seeking of man are buried beneath its resistless march. "There

is a soul at the centre of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe."

Had Michel Angelo been able to compass his desire, even though he had produced scores of statues to rival the "Moses," he would have portrayed but one phase of the process the whole course of which he was born to represent—and that phase the one in which Raphael far surpassed him—the immediate positive. Michel Angelo was born to exhibit humanity in its universality; to round, sensuously, the whole circle of culture. He and Da Vinci were the only artists possessed of sufficient intellect to accomplish this, and Da Vinci lacked the will. He could depict the second stage; he advanced to mediation, but remained there. We have already said he was negative from the first. For Michel Angelo alone was it possible to mediate this mediation and arrive at the absolute positive. And with this great mission ordained him, of what moment was it *what* he as an individual suffered? In the fatality which deprived him of his particular aims, who now fails to perceive the highest justice, as well to himself as to the world? It was his greatest glory, as it was his highest happiness, before the close of his long life, himself to recognize the truth.

But before that blissful consummation, what years of agony, of bitter, burning revolt, of useless conflict with the inevitable, lay before him! His obdurate heart was hard to subdue. Youth and prime had passed, and old age pressed hard upon him before the lesson of his life was conned; before he yielded to the truth—of which he had often caught a glimpse—that it is only through the renunciation of the unessential, arbitrary will that true freedom can be realized.

Nothing could better illustrate the poverty of the natural will than the fact that it is only valid so long as it is all-powerful; it must always have an object outside of itself upon which to exercise itself. This object removed, or grown more powerful than it, the will is turned back upon and preys upon self, whence discontent, doubt, and internal contradiction. At the time Michel Angelo painted the roof of the Sistine he was suffering all the pain and agony of nothingness, the torment of baffled endeavor; and it needs no biographer of his to tell us that this lonely vault was the scene of a mighty though impotent contest with Fate. He has covered every inch of available space with figures whose



writhing muscles betray now the activity of protest, and now the stillness of despair.

The compartments of the ceiling were, in a measure, mapped out for him; he only lent them his *terribilità*; but in the general ornamentation, and in the Prophets and Sibyls, he had an opportunity of expressing his own thought, of exercising his own imagination. So great was this thought, so overwhelming this fantasy, that nothing less grand than the human form could possibly express it. And in all this restless company there is no single centre of repose, nothing to form a central unity, a fixed point; each figure is lost in *self*-contemplation or in *self*-activity; no one has any connection with or interest in another. The only common link is the thought which engages them; they are all either combating to the utmost, or sinking beneath, the conviction that Christ upon the cross is the symbol of and index to renunciation.

When Michel Angelo came out of the Sistine Chapel he had learned the lesson of passive if not of active obedience. To the work of erecting the façade of San Lorenzo—which involved what he himself called the “very great ignominy” of his life, his employment as quarryman and road-builder—which was forced upon him, he yielded, merely saying: “Verily, there is need of patience.” But when the same pope, Leo X, who had insulted him with this commission, placed in his hand the contract for the Medician Tombs, thus allowing him to return to his favorite pursuit, though divorcing him from the object upon which he would have preferred to exercise it—the Mausoleum—he found vent for all the deep bitterness of his soul in that wonderful but woful statue of “Night.”

The figure of “Night” is that of a being held down and trampled upon by Fate. With power radiating from every lineament of her face and form, she is yet helpless and despairing. Hating and cursing life and her own thought, yet unable to lay down the one or rise above the other, she is the image of the soul of her creator when he wrote: “My brain turns when I think of these things.”

When he sculptured “Night,” “The Dawn,” and “Lorenzo the Thoughtful”—which were all produced in the same spirit and under the same pressure of circumstances, and have almost the same content—Michel Angelo had reached the crisis of his life

without knowing it; the bow could have been bent no farther. If his contemplation of self had continued longer, his reason would indeed have tottered. It was at his moment of deepest suffering that the event occurred which turned his attention outward. When the news of the sack of Rome reached Florence the anti-Medici party arose. Michel Angelo, always at heart a Republican, eagerly joined the Liberalists, and, in the absorbing interest with which he threw himself into the defence of his country, for a time forgot himself.

It was not long before, partly through treachery, but still more through their own folly and want of unity, the Liberalists were constrained to surrender; and the Medici, not unwelcomed, entered Florence. Then Michel Angelo yielded everything—the hope of seeing his country free, the hope of ever being able to control his own outer life. But, at the same time that he began to recognize the fact that the freedom which he had desired for Florence was not what really suited her, the perception must have dawned upon him that perhaps he was equally mistaken as to what was best for himself. His biographers tell us that, “having seen the hopelessness of the Florentine cause, Michel Angelo submitted to the inevitable.” He did more; he accepted and acquiesced in the inevitable as best and right, as *just*. He had always submitted. How could he do otherwise? We must all submit, whether we wish or no; it is the spirit in which we yield that counts. Whether, freely and uncomplainingly, as if it were our own will—thus making it our own—or, bound hand and foot, and crying out against the universe, we are dragged onward to our fate. *This* had been Michel Angelo’s submission heretofore; he now rose to the heroism of obedience.

The instant of renunciation is at the same time the beginning of a new life. Three months after the capitulation of Florence, Michel Angelo was again at work upon the tombs in San Lorenzo; and, as in the statue of “Night” he portrayed his deepest misery, in that of “Day,” which he now commenced, he sought to commemorate his latest victory—the conquest of himself. This marble is instinct with the repose of conscious power, and fervent with mighty resolve. A great thought—a thought which it must have forever remained incapable of articulating—was striving to extricate itself from the massive stone when Michel Angelo was called

away from it to the supreme effort of his life—the representation, upon the wall of the Sistine, of “The Last Judgment.”

Nearly thirty years intervened between his first work in the Sistine Chapel and his last, and in that time he had never touched brush to fresco. Yet we are told that in all this immense composition there is no slightest trace of hesitation or embarrassment; the thought itself was so stupendous that it broke over all barriers, and was king of mechanism. Alone, in the presence of his own handiwork, he lived over again the whole tremendous conflict, and, mindful how he had himself solved the problem, he painted its solution here. The “Moses,” as we have said, represents unreflected will; his works of the second period display the will thrown back upon itself, and finally, conscious that its error has been to suppose that its act had any right to extend beyond itself, “The Last Judgment” was now to represent the final return of the will into and reconciliation with itself, the consciousness that “the deed returns upon the doer,” that the will has power over the individual alone.

The principal figure of “The Last Judgment,” its central point, is the Christ foretold upon the ceiling above it. The same and not the same. That sorrow-stricken Renunciant has conquered Death. Christ appears here as spirit triumphant—spirit which, through the cancellation of its finitude, has become reconciled with God—as God himself. Symbolizing as He does the whole process of spirit, He appears now as the exemplar by which each man is called upon to judge his own life. In His countenance there is no promise of clemency. “Eternal justice may involve infinite love, but no mercy;” still less can it know malice. That wounded side, those passion-marked hands and feet, are not exhibited to threaten or condemn, but as a summons for each man to confess to himself in how far he has reflected the divine process as presented to him in the history of Christ. In how far he has crucified *self*, and, by so doing, arisen to the consciousness of a new self—a life in God. To those who have brought their lives into conformity with His, He is a vivifying power which raises them to equal heights with Himself; to the wicked He is a consuming fire into which their own deeds plunge them.

In this picture Michel Angelo displays his conviction that, for good or ill, man is his own creator. That it is only by making

himself one with God, by subjecting his will to His, that he can obtain blessedness; it is only thus that the agony of expiring personality can be changed into a return to self, into happiness, satisfaction, and tranquillity.

When a man has reached the point of view at which he discerns that all things are governed by immutable, irresistible law—"law which executes itself," which is in reality universal justice; when he feels that, in obedience to this law, no thing and no person can work him harm save only himself—he has reached a summit of repose far above and beyond the vicissitudes of earthly life. At the time he was called upon to endure the two great sorrows of his life, the loss of father and of friend, Michel Angelo had attained this elevation, and, though he suffered deeply and mourned sincerely, he was not overwhelmed. He could even write of Vittoria Colonna:

"Not love, nor thy transcendent face,  
Nor cruelty, nor fortune, nor disdain,  
Cause my mischance, nor fate, nor destiny,  
Since in thy heart thou carriest death and grace  
Inclosed together, and my worthless brain  
Can draw forth only death to feed on me."

His latest work—the one which rounded the circle of his achievements in art and proclaimed him as great in architecture as he had already proved himself to be in sculpture and in painting—was the crowning symbol of his life. The Dome of St. Peter's is alike the emblem of a faith which, leaving behind the formal universality of mediævalism, has—through the mediation of Protestantism—attained to the possibility of a higher universality which recognizes and admits of individual freedom; and of the soul of Michel Angelo, which, through the heroism of its submission to a divine principle, had found its reconciliation within itself.